

Poetry.

NOBODY ELSE.

Two little hands so careful and brisk
 Putting the tea things away,
 While mother is resting awhile in her chair;
 For she has been busy all day.
 And the dear little fingers are working for love;
 Altho they are tender and wee;
 "I'll do it nicely," she says to herself—
 "There's nobody else, you see."

Two little feet just scampered upstairs;
 For papa will quickly be here,
 And his shoes must be ready and warm by the fire
 That is burning so bright and so clear;
 Then she must climb on a chair to keep watch:
 "He cannot come in without me;
 When mother is tired I open the door—
 "There's nobody else, you see."

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Two little arms around papa's dear neck,
 And a soft, downy cheek 'gainst his own;
 For out of the nest so cozy and bright,
 The little one's mother has flown.
 She brushes the tear drops away as she thinks:
 "Now he has no one but me,
 I mustn't give way; that would make him so sad,
 And there's nobody else, you see."

Two little tears on the pillow unshed,
 Dropped from the two pretty eyes;
 Two little arms stretching out in the dark,
 Two little faint sobbing cries:
 "Papa forgot I was always waked up
 When he whispered goodnight to me.
 O mother, come back, just to kiss me in bed—
 There's nobody else, you see."

Little true heart, if mother can look
 Out from her home in the skies,
 She will not rest in her haven of bliss
 While the tears dim the little one's eyes.
 If God has shed sorrow around us just now,
 Yet his sunshine is ever to be!
 And he is the comfort for every one's pain—
 There's nobody else, you see.

—Mary Hodges.

Contributions.

WILL GOD DWELL WITH MEN.

Text: But Will God in Very Deed Dwell With
 Men on the Earth?—II Chron. 6:18.

[A sermon, delivered at the dedication of the
 Brethren Church in Lanark, Ill., Dec. 29, 1895,
 by J. O. Talley.]

The civilization of a people is never superior to their conception of God. I lay this before you to-day, as an incontrovertible proposition. The question, 'Is there a Deity,' is not the perplexing one of our times, but rather, what is our understanding of his nature, and attributes? To know the history of primeval religious notions, is to know the history of primeval man, for man never gets above his thoughts, and is never more enlightened than his source of light.

The righteousness of a people never exceeds their religious standard. If the standard be low, we may expect to see

the life lower still; for we can never paint the picture so beautiful as our mental conception of it. The mind is quick and draws the lines fine, but the hands are often clumsy. Indeed, it can hardly be that tools of clay could execute designs of immortal conception.

The sun shining through a rift in the clouds after a copious shower, is like a smile of approval from a beneficent heaven, but the sublime joy of an enlightened soul shining through the coarser externals of humanity, transcends all earthly beauty, and adds heavenly power to earthly splendor. The earth is full of the scars of battles that have been fought, and so far as human power is concerned, the victory would be no nearer than when the conflict first began. But if man has not been given the power of self redemption, divine instruction within him develops the genius that seeks the salve that heals the manifold wounds, received in the struggle with a darkness, which alone he could not overcome.

We are most loyal to God when we are most devoted to the real welfare of man. There are dangers that earthly fortifications might avert, and enemies that human powers may conquer, but the greatest dangers that threaten the real welfare of mankind, are not those that come from without, but are those that are developed within, against which external breastwork will not avail.

Our nation has erected many monuments of greatness, and many evidences of real internal power are around us, but none of them so fully memorialize the first, and foundation causes as the church house and the school. When our fathers were laying the foundation of Holy Faith in a free conscience in this country, they were building stronger than they knew. They were never permitted to fully enjoy the fruit of noble trees they planted, but it has flourished, and seventy millions of people may now revel in its foliage of righteousness, and feast on luscious fruits of free Gospel truth.

We may tickle the earth with implements of agriculture, and she will smile in a golden harvest, and fill our graneries to overflowing. We may invest the treasure ever so safely in broad acres of land, or gigantic business enterprises for the heritage of our children, but ere our bodies are mouldered in the dust, the monument we so fondly dedicated to the happiness of our posterity will have begun to crumble, and if its foundations were of but earthly interests soon it will be raised, and the monument and its builder will have gone to the earth from which they came, and the world will have forgotten that we had lived. While it is

true that all the gold in the world would not make a ladder that would reach the first porthole of heaven, yet we can use it to anoint the feet of him whose humanity stooped to heal the broken hearted, and whose divinity spans the broad chasm between human failures and divine perfection. If the infinite God walks on the earth among men to-day, and we believe he does, the church houses mark his footprints, and the devotion of his people are his chiefest joy. In the stern battles of life, we often suffer rough usage, and sometimes forget that we have any other interests than the little fruits of earthly toil, and in the bright blaze of noontide life so busy do we become with earthly glory that we do not see the glow of heaven above us. But when the tempests begin to wreck the tabernacle of flesh in which we dwell, and the fleet winds of time begin to sap from our bodies the vitalities of youth, and the evening of life feels the dropping of the curtain, then the soul longs for the manifestation of the Shekinah of God that dwells on the mercy seat, between the cherubims of divine mercy and saving grace. God permits this blaze of omnipotence to glow in the fields of ripening grain, only that the fruits of the harvest may be used to embellish and amplify the schools in which spiritual life is expanded, and in which divine things are taught, and these schools are the churches.

If the fruitfulness of the earth may be used to clothe the physical man, it is that the spiritual man may have a better place in which to dwell, and develop the image of his Creator. My brother, to develop the mind of your child is a noble work, but if you stop at this, you have not completed the work that God gave you to do. For, it is the heart that bears the best fruit, and some how it yields best when taught to reach out after power born of a love that transcends human limitations. The treasures of the mind may be lost in the dusty chambers of forgetfulness, and other and less worth things may take their place, but jewels of the heart are sparkling diadems that radiate all the way through life, and even chase the gloom from the grave.

The nations of the earth levy taxes to support the temporal comforts of life, and to protect our homes in which none of us can hope long to dwell, but the grace of God is a free gift, and the only frail offering we can make in exchange for it, is the mite that it is our privilege to give for the erection of churches and the support of the Gospel that its joys and triumphs may bless the generations yet unborn. Money, it is said, makes life run smooth—